

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."—Shakespeare.

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POETRY.

THE EDITOR.

That editor who wills to please,
Must humbly crawl upon his knees;
And kiss the hand that beats him;
Must toe the mark that others chalk;
And cringe to all that meets him.

Says one, your objects are too grave—
Too much morality you have—
Too much about religion;
Give me some witch and wizard tales,
Of slip shod ghosts, with sins and scales,
Or feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings, and queens and lords,
Of border wars, and Gothic hordes
That used to live in hovels

No—no—cries one we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff;
To craze the fair creation—
Give us some recent foreign news,
Of Russians, Turks; the Greeks and Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of dull scholastic lore,
Would like to see a little more
In scraps of Greek or Latin;
The merchants rather have the price
Of southern indigo and rice,
Or India silks and satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun;
A riddle or a riddle;
Some long for missionary news,
And of worldly carnal views;
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander quill,
And scrawl against the paper;
Of all the literary fools,
Bred in our colleges and schools,
He cuts the villain's caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety:
Variety in all things,
A Miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed; I only give the hint
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in time of general rain
None suffer from a draught 'tis plain;
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, say one;
Of people totally undone
By losses, fire, or fever;
Another answers full as wise,
I'd rather have a fall and rise,
Or racoon skin and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a savory dish
Of politics to suit them;
But here we rest at perfect ease;
For should they swear the man was cheese,
We never should dispute then.

Or grave or humorous; wild or tame;
Lofty or low; 'tis all the same;
Too haughty or too humble;
And every editorial wight
Has naught to do but what is right
And let the grumbler grumble.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Albany Microscop.

Not the rage of the people pressing to hurtful measures, not the aspect of threatening tyrant, can shake from his settled purpose the man that is just, and determined in his resolution. SMITH'S HORACE.

There is, perhaps, no quality of the mind more to be admired, or more conducive to our happiness, than that which we commonly call Independence. As the signification of this word when thus applied, is somewhat indefinite, I will first state the meaning I affix to it, before proceeding to any farther remarks.— Independence of mind is that indifference to what the world may think or say against us, which results from a consciousness of having ever acted as becomes honest and virtuous men. That disregard for the opinions of our fellow men concerning us, which springs from any other source, is as much to be reprobated as this is to be praised. He who is so low in degradation as to be deaf to the admonitions of conscience, and regardless of the estimation in which he is held by the virtuous an enlightened, is truly a deplorable spectacle; while, of him on the other hand, no sigh is more pleasing or delightful than a man wins, relying on the purity of his motives, scorning the base flattery of the world and smiles at its malignity and detracions. At such an individual, the base envy in vain

are aimed, for superior virtue shields him from their sting: against him calumny may whisper, and malice may contrive with infinite efforts; for within his bosom is placed a antidote for all their venom.

This laudible independence of mind has always been esteemed a quality of the first importance in the character of statesmen, heroes, and scholars. Where, in the world's history, can you find a distinguished statesman against whom all the artillery of little-minded politicians, coupled with all the malice and abuse, which are their usual weapon of warfare, have not been directed? Where is hero, the brightness of whose fame was never attempted to be tarnished by the aspersions of enemys, or whose glory was never assailed by the darts of base-born cowards? Where the scholar, the extent of whose acquirements has never been disputed, or the splendor of whose talents has never been unsullied by the malignant attacks of contemptible sciolists? Superiority always excites envy, and how much does it contribute to our happiness and future success? to disregard the emanations of a jealous and jaundiced mind, and to pursue, with unremitting spirit, the path of honor and preferment? An excellent judge of human nature, and one acquainted with it in all its shapes, has remarked, that "when a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign—that all the dunces are in concert against him." The universal experience of mankind, most conclusively proves that observation to be true. Had the statesmen, the heroes, or the scholars, whose names are now emblazoned in deathless characters on the scroll of fame, been discouraged in their pursuits; had their ardor for distinction in the cabinet, or in the fields of glory and of science, been quenched by the envious effusions of the demagogue, the coward, or the sciolist; how few bright examples would we have to stimulate us to the attainment of that exalted rank, by the cultivation of those faculties which distinguish the noble from the base, the courageous from the cowardly, and the learned from the ignorant?

In private life, this virtue, if so it may be termed, is of no less importance. The best of men have enemies, and they who are most conspicuous for domestic virtues, are the most obnoxious to the defractions of envy. It always argues some good quality, some excellency or merit in an individual, when scandal marks him for her victim. If a man should suffer his peace to be disturbed, by the unfounded rumors circulated by those who wish his ruin, how unhappy, how unenviable would be his lot? That independence of mind is then certainly incurred to be admired and coveted, which enables us to preserve equanimity, and to cultivate, with unabated ardour, those virtues which endear us to our family and friends, unawed by the threats of the malicious and uninfluenced by the scurility of degrade, & unprincipled scoundrels.

In our city, too much license is unfortunately taken in speaking of the characters and dispositions of those with whom we are unacquainted. The reputation of a man is often invaluable; without it, wealth is valueless, and life itself loses all its power to charm. How much caution and delicacy, then, are requisite when we express our opinions of the characters even of the meanest individuals in society! If we were sensible how much man may be injured by the slightest breath of calumny, and even by the equivocal insinuations thrown out by persons ignorant of the merits of those whom they traduce, we would very seldom, if possessed of the least tenderness of feeling, indulge in hasty exclamations against those to whom a good reputation is dearer than life. Every individual has not firmness enough to disregard what malice may whisper of his imperfections; but many an honest and upright man who might have been an ornament to society, and raised a happy family to perpetuate this father's virtues has withered under the malignant influence of unfounded scandal, and retired, broken-hearted, from the world, to pass in wretchedness the miserable remnant of his life. It is a trite proverb, but one "worthy of all acceptance," and deserving to be engraved on the heart of every man, that "if you cannot speak well of a man, say no ill of him."

SENCA.

From the London Magazine.

AN HEIRESS IN JEOPARDY.

How much of human hostility depends upon this circumstance—distance! If the met bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected? They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire and much to imitate in each other, and half the animosity, which sheds its baneful influence on society, would fade away and be forgotten. It was one day when I was about seventeen years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told my asthmatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was the heiress to ten thousand pounds per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no great impression upon me at the time, and in spite of an attempt to smile, wa'er I was monstrously in-

the circumstance being regularly dwelt on by my French governess at Camden-house, after every hideous misdemeanor, I had thought little or nothing on the subject, till at the age of eighteen I was called on to bid adieu to Levizac and pirouettes, and hear my uncle's will read by my guardian.

This furnished me, indeed, with ample materials for thinking. Dr. Marrowfat's face, neither human nor divine, (I see it before me while I am writing) appeared positively frightful, while he recited its monstrous contents. It appeared that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life; and that the only subject upon which they ever agreed was to support the dignity of the Vavasour family; in a moment of unprecedented union, they had determined, that as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry; and it seemed whichever party violated these precious conditions, was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this pious arrangement, I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, thought I, for a husband of an orphan, of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world; who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her. A professed rake too; who will merely view me as an incumbrance on his estate; who will think no love, no confidence, no respect, due to me; who will insult my feelings, deride my sentiments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature! No, I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned: I have the greatest possible respect for guardians, reverse their office, and tremble at their authority; but to make myself wretched, merely to please them; no, no, positively cannot think of it.

Well, time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one; and on the day of his attaining age, he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfil the arrangement. My opinion, I found was not to be asked. A rich and titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation, when a thought struck me. Can I not see him, and judge of his character, unsuspected by himself? This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my godmother; why not persuade her to let me visit her? The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on; and a week saw me at Vale Royal, without horses, without servants; to all appearance, a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour, I remember my heart beating audibly as I descended to the dining-room, where I was to see, for the first time, the arbiter of my fate; and I never shall forget my start of surprise, when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill-health, was introduced to me, as the noisy, dissolute, and dissipated baronet. Preciously have I been hoaxed, thought I, as, after a long, and rather interesting conversation with Mr. Edgar, I, with other ladies, left the room. Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to whisper, "you had better go home." Still I lingered; till one evening, towards the close of a tête-à-tête conversation, on my saying, "that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on 500 a year," he replied "one admission more; could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted," he continued, with increasing emotion, "with my unhappy situation, but not aware, that revolting from an union with Miss Vavasour, I have resolved on taking orders and accepting a living from a friend; if, foregoing more brilliant prospects, you would consent to share my retirement." His manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me; and heaven knows what answer I might have been hurried into, had I not got out, with a gaiety foreign to my heart—"I can say nothing to you till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. See her at once."

"But why?" he exclaimed, "could seeing her again and again ever reconcile me to her manners, habits, and sentiments; or any sum of money, however large, induce me to place at the head of my table a hump-backed, bus-blue, in green spectacles?" Hump-backed! "Yes, from her cradle." But you color. "Do you know her?" "I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am. I hope you're not offended?" Oh no, not offended. Hump-backed! Of all the things in the world: And I involuntarily gave a glance towards the glass. "I had no conception," he resumed as soon as he could collect himself, "that there was any acquaintance." The most intimate possible, I returned, and I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward, ill-disposed young man breathing. "The devil!" Don't swear; but hear me. See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. Further, at present, this deponent saith

clinced to cry, I escaped to my own room. We did not meet again; for the next morning, in no enviable frame of mind, I returned home.

Not many weeks afterwards, Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blithely in the breeze; the tenants were carousing in the lawn, when he drove up to the door. My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose, in a darkened room, near a table covered with ponderous volumes, I prepared for this tremendous interview. After hemms and halts innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated. "No, no," said I, in a voice that made him start, and draw up the blinds. "No, no, it is preposterous to suppose, Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill-bred, awkward and hump-backed girl." Exclamations and explanations, laughter and railing, intermixed with more serious feelings, followed; but the result of it all was—that we are married.

ELLEN.

SIMPSON ROAD.

The Simplon road, which surmounts one of the snowy summits of the Alps, and opens a communication between France and Italy was projected by Napoleon, and constructed by his order. It is a stupendous work, and excites the admiration of every traveller. The highest part of the road is 600 feet (upwards of a mile) above the level of the sea. It is 40 miles in extent, and passes on the extreme declivity of ridges, over awful chasms and foaming torrents and through prodigious masses of rock. The road is so constructed that the slope nowhere exceeds two and a half inches in six feet, and carriages can descend without locking the wheels at any place. There are 6 galleries cut through the solid rock, the most prodigious of which is 600 feet long, 27 wide, and 30 high, with three wide openings cut through its sides to admit light. Thirty men were employed night and day (being relieved every eight hours by as many others) for 18 months in effecting this gallery. On the lower side of the road there is a wall laid with stone and mortar, with posts 10 feet high erected at intervals to distinguish the road from the precipice, when the whole is covered with snow. The quantity of masonry on this wall and the abutments is immense. The road passes over 264 bridges. 14 stone houses are built at certain intervals across the mountain, the occupants of which are bound to keep their stoves heated night and day in cold weather, and a room ready for travellers, the catholics have small oratories on the route, containing each a small crucifix, where they stop and perform their devotions; and near the top is a convent of monks. On the Italian side of the mountain, is the village of Simplon with 20 houses; and cottages, where the poor remain in summer to feed their goats, which are found in every part of the Alps, some of them at an amazing height. "Nothing which Napoleon has executed, (says Pro. Griscom) will be regarded with more mingled satisfaction, or turn him a more striking and durable monument of his public spirit, than the Simplon road. It must ever command the plaudits of Europe."

A Singular Secret Murder.—Mr. John Kello, minister of Spot, in East-Lothian, had an extraordinary talent for preaching; and was universally held to be a man of singular piety. His wife was handsome, cheerful, tender-hearted, and in word, possessed all the qualities that can endear a woman to her husband. A pious rich widow in the neighborhood tempted his avarice. She clung to him as her spiritual guide; and, but for his wife, he had little doubts of obtaining her hand in marriage. He turned gradually peevish and discontented. His change of behaviour made a deep impression on his wife, for she loved him tenderly, and yet was anxious to conceal her treatment from the world. Her meekness, her submission, her patience, tended but to increase his sullenness. Upon a Sunday morning, when on her knees offering up her devotions, he came softly behind her, put rope about her neck, and hung her up to the ceiling. He bolted his gate, crept out at a window, walked deedly to church, and charmed his hearers with a most pathetic sermon. After divine service, he invited two or three of his neighbors to pass the evening at his house, telling them his wife was indisposed, and of late inclined to melancholy, but that she would be glad to see them. It surprised them to find the gates bolted, and none to answer; but much more when, upon its being opened, they found her in the situation mentioned. The husband seemed to be struck dumb—and counterfeited sorrow so much to the life, that his guests forgetting the dead, were wholly interested about the living. His soul, however, was afterwards oppressed with the weight of his guilt. Finding no relief from agonizing remorse, and from the image of a murdered wife constantly haunting him, he about six weeks after the horrid deed, went to Edinburgh, and delivered himself up to the justice. He was condemned upon his own confession, and executed the 4th of October, 1870.

